

The Coblers threed is cut.

O R,

The Coblers Monument : wherein, to the everlasting memory of the folly of *Samuel*

How, his doctrines are detected, and his life and death described: together with an Epitaph written on him at the Last, with an exhortation to the ignorant to avoid such phantastick spirits; he being buried in the high-way neer *Dame Annes a Clear* (a place so called, neer Shores-ditch, on tuesday, Sept. 29. 1640.



Is an ancient and worthy custome to weep for the deceased; but How? not for this *Samuel How*, who being a Cobar, took upon him beyond his Last, the mending of soules, and in a Sermon preached to above an hundred persons in the Nags-head Taverne neere Colemanstreet, delivered many absurd Doctrines & Vses, against humane Learning: and afterward published and entitled his Sermon, *The sufficiency of the Spirits teaching without humane Learning*, for the light and information of the ignorant: wherein he published his owne folly, it being a knowne truth, that Learning is no essentiall immediate cause of grace, but an instrumentall cause, whereby the knowledge of the Scriptures are gained; and humane learning doth prepare the

soule, and enlarge it to receive divine mysteries, and by judgement assisted by Gods Spirit, to finde out hidden truth, and to defend fundamentall Principles. *How* durit then this lump of ignorance assume so much boldnesse, with reasons drawne *ab absurdo*, from absurdity, to detract from learning, or with his blacke Thumb wax so impudent to touch, much lesse to handle humane Science or Learning; who will thus requite him with an old saying:

Scientia non habet inimicum nisi ignorantem.

The ignorant will onely be

To humane Learning an enemy.

But his folly hath been formerly enough derided: For as sober obedient knowledge is rewarded, so foolish ungrounded opinions are disregarded; they are like *Solomons* thornes, crackling under the pot; and it is likely these flames of Coblers zeale proceeded from pottles of wine, it being preached (as above said) in the Nags-head Taverne, neere Coleman-street: a fit place for such a preachment, tending to the disgrace of all humane learning; which scorning to answer a foole according to his folly, it seems that this selfe-conceited Cobar, *Samuel How*, being stricken with shame, and afterward with sicknesse, sneaked out of this world and died; and being formerly excommunicated out of the Church, he was buried in the high-way, after his threed of life was cut. And therefore let the Reader take this as a monument of his folly; whereupon in conclusion may be engraven this Epitaph

An Epitaph on *Samuel How* a Cobar, the unlearned enemy of humane Learning.

THis unlearned Cobar, by the Spirits discerning,
Was a great enemy to humane Learning.
How could that be? Why *How* that in a stall,
Could sing *Queen Dido*, or the Ladies fall,
Would in a Taverne needs set up his stage,
And against humane Learning shew his rage.
Doctrines and Vses from his Text he drew,
That was used to draw threeds through an old Shew:
And with sharp argument he seemed to prick,
As with an Aule, all learning to the quick.
And having wrought himselfe so out of breath,
The Coblers threed of life was cut by Death.
And in the high way buried under ground,
Studies how he all learning may confound.

He needs no Monument, nor Epitaph,
For at his folly every one doth laugh,
To think how he did go beyond his Last,
The Coblers end is shame for folly past.
Then let no ignorant above his reach,
Speake against learning, or attempt to preach.
Lest having spit and spoke, they doe come off,
Like this unlearned Cobar with a scoff.
Who having done his worke, by death is paid
His wages, and in the high-way is laid.
Where he no foolish Arguments can hold:
For *How*, his zeale, and corps in ground are cold.
He that was humane Learnings great Kil-kow,
Lies in the high way, you need not ask *How*?